



A NEW SONG ON THE GRAND PROCESSION OF
FATHER LAVELL
ON HIS REMOVAL FROM PARTRY TO CONG
ON THE 16 OF OCTOBER 1869

It was on a Sunday morning from Partry I did stray
Being bent for recreation to Ballinrobe I took my way
I heard great acclamations which cause'd me for to stand
The men & women were lamenting for their Clergiman

As I advanced on farther I waited there some time
To hear their conversation my steps I did decline
The valleys ring the small birds sang in grief I heard them tell
Our holy Priest is gone from us brave Father Patt Lavell

Now Father Patt is gone from us what will we do morrow
Will he ever come back again or will will we be alone
Will he ever come back again unto his leaving flock
To preach to us the heavenly words that is founded on a rock,

Now Father Patts procession that day as he went on
The bands did play along the way as he drew near to Cong
The birds again did sound his name more than my pen can tell
The roads were seen all dress'd in green to welcome brave Lave

When our Lord approach'd Jerusalem they the palm before him
threw

The laws of old as we are told came thine Messiah for to view
They threw of their hats & handkerchiefs to welcome home their
King

It was much the same do not me blame his praises for to sing,

Now as he pass'd through Ballinrobe the people did him hail,
Their shouts did reach unto the sky as he pass'd by the way
Each great bonfire you admire as they did pass along
They rais'd the green all to be seen as they arrived at Cong,

Now our Priest he is safe landed we thank our heavenly king
We hope the Lord will pour a blessing glad tidings bring.
We thank our God upon the sea the Cromelians are almost
nomore,

Since we can have such processions round the Shannon shore

